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preserved in a monastery of Dominican nuns at Drogheda, in an ebony casket, in very good preservation; and even yet retains in its features the benign and peaceable character of the archbishop's countenance.

R. A.

OLD NANNIE BOYD—A TRUE NARRATIVE.

One evening, during the severe winter of 1799, as Nannie Boyd* came in from the bhyre (cow-house), with a pail of milk in her hand, she thus addressed her family—"this is gaun to be a very severe night, childer. I saw in the morning that the tap o' Slieve Bawn, between us and the glens, was white wi' sna; and I doubted a' day we would have a fa': I have been now upwards of forty years living in this place, and I dianna remember to hae seen a mair gloomy and dismal-looking evening. Gang you, Bab, and put the sheep in some safe and sheltry place: they are a' come down frae Knockkrammer, as if led by some natural foreboding, to Knockcoghran, on purpose, it would seem; to be near the houses and human aid: and gang you, Jack, and bring in mair peats; for you may depend it will be an easier task now than in the morning: and, Jean, said she to the girl, bring in plenty o' water." Her orders no one disputed. Her son, wrapping himself up in his great coat, set off with the dog to the hill. The turf and water were soon brought in; and a large fire put on. Nannie took her seat at her wheel in the corner; and several of the neighbours' girls, who had, as was the custom, come in with their wheels, formed a semi-circle round the fire, and commenced their nightly task with one of Burns's songs—

"The gloomy night is gathering fast."

An hour had elapsed, when Nannie stopped her wheel, and said—

"I wonder what detains Bab sae lang on the hill?"

"Hoot," said one of the girls, "do ye think that Bab will be on Knockcoghran, and no gang owre to the Brownstown, and see his sweet-heart."

Nannie seemed satisfied, and resumed her wheel.

The wind had now risen, and a choking drift was falling fast. A rap came to the door; but as every one lifted the latch, and came in without any ceremony, little attention was paid to it; till a second was given, when one of the girls rose, and opened the door. A man of genteel appearance entered, covered with snow, from which being disengaged, he thus addressed the family:

"This is a very snowynight, and I believe I have nearly lost my way. Is there any person in this house that will conduct me safe to Broughshane, and I will reward him handsomely."

"I'm thinking," said Nannie, "ye had better come forward to the fire, an' warm yersel'; its an unco cauld night; and I doubt there's nane in the town could gang wi' ye, but my son, Bab; and he's no in at present. Sit down at the fire, and we'll see what can be done."

The stranger took a seat; and Nannie, without saying another word, lighted a candle, stepped into the room, and soon returned with a plate of butter, some oat-cakes, and the heel of a cheese, which she placed on the kitchen-table; saying to the stranger—

"Turn round your chair, and take a bite o' bread; ye nae, maybe, travelled a lang road the day, and ye canna be the worse o' eating something."

The gentleman thanked her, turned round, and took a hearty luncheon; adding, "that he had come from Cushendall, by what the people there told him was the shortest way to Broughshane; though I suspect," said he, "that they intended to put me wrong; yet, I must acknowledge, that they told me also, that the road I was travelling on, would take me to my destination."

"Might I mak sae free," said Nannie, "as to ask what business ye follow, that obliged ye to come owre the hills at this season o' the year. It was weel the ground

was frozen; otherwise ye might hae been lost a' the gither."

"Ineed, Madam," said the stranger, "I am a soldier; at present under strict orders to join my regiment, now in Ballymena;" giving his name at the same time.

At mention of the word soldier, one of the girls slipped o'er.

"And if ye be a soldier," said Nannie, "why but ye hae on a red coat? I ay like to see folk appearing in their proper colours."

"That is very right," said the gentleman; "but I only arrived from Scotland yesterday; and as the people in this country were so lately in a state of insurrection, I thought it safest to put on coloured clothes, lest I might meet with some insult, or, perhaps worse, from the inhabitants, among whom I am a total stranger."

"Ye needna hae been sae scar'd," replied Nannie; "for ye woudna hae met wi' any thing but civility either in the glens, or in the braid; that is, provided ye conducted yersel' discreetly, as a stranger ought to do: for though the glens folk are maistly Roman Catholics, and we in the braid, maistly Presbyterians, yet we live on the best terms. When ony o' our folk gangs down there, they are treated wi' the utmost kindness and friendly feeling; and when they come up here, we do what we can to mak a return."

"I wish, Madam," answered the stranger, "that this was the universal practice in Ireland; but I forget Broughshane, which, if possible, I must be in to-night."

"Indeed," answered Nannie, "I just think ye may be thankfu' that ye're in bigged we's. Do ye hear how awfu' the storm is raging without, an' the drift whirling through the air; (I wish Bab was hame); look at that window and see how its blinded wi' the sna'. Ye man e'en content yersel' whar ye are till the marning;—I can gie ye a clean bed, and plenty o' blankets, which ye'll find usefu' on sae cauld a night."

The gentleman went to the door, looked out, and returned; saying, "he would be happy to accept of her friendly offer, as the night was getting still worse."

Shortly after, her son, Bob, returned, almost choked with drift, and covered with snow; from which being disengaged, he sat down at the fire, saying that he never experienced so severe a night.

"This is a stranger," said his mother, "that wants somebody to conduct him to Broughshane; but I think he is better here than out in sic a night; he's a military man, and gaun on some important business I suppose; but naebody could gang out the night on ony account."

"It would be," replied her son, "a tempting o' Providence to gang the length o' Skirry, through sic storm, he will, I hope, content himself whar he is till the marning."

The stranger and Bob soon got into conversation; the former related many interesting anecdotes in military life; and described many of the towns in which he had been quartered; and some of the most remarkable highland hills, glens, and mountains that he had visited; and with which he seemed quite familiar; but when he told them that the city of London contained more inhabitants than the counties of Antrim and Down put together, they were amazed, and scarcely gave credit to his assertion.—Bob, on the other hand, told him that the place where he now was, was called the Fourtowns of Skirry in the braid; that though it was a mountainous district, the inhabitants were a tolerably well informed class, having a respectable book-club; and the newspapers circulating regularly among them, &c. In this way the night passed till bed time; and after all the night's avocations were finished, Bob brought forward the "bigga bible, ance his father's pride;" and seating himself, said, with becoming gravity, "let us worship God;"—choosing a psalm, he commenced singing, in which he was joined by the stranger, and all the family; and afterwards he read a chapter in the bible, and then knelt down to pray, offering up the thanks of a grateful and pious heart to the dispenser of all good, for the protection which his humble roof afforded them in such a dreadful night; imploring His protecting care over such as were so unfortunate as to be overtaken by the storm, or, perhaps, perishing in the snow.

The gentleman, after all was finished, remarked that he almost fancied himself at home in Scotland; observing, at

* It is customary in some parts of Ireland, and in Scotland, to call a married woman by her maiden name: Nannie's husband, who was some time dead, was Thomas Crawford.

the same time, that from the accounts which he had been taught to believe, he did not suppose that any portion of the inhabitants of Ireland were so strictly religious; but he was assured by Bob that what he now witnessed was a common practice in many districts of Ireland.

The night still continued wild, while the tempest o'er the chimney top, sounded a melancholy dirge. They all repaired to rest, but Jack still thought on—

"Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing;
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
And close thy e'e?"

It is enough to say, that the next morning was as bad as the preceding night; and the storm continued with unabated fury till the following morning, during which time the stranger amused himself reading the newspaper, and some of the books belonging to the club; and after the weather became settled, it was deemed impracticable to go any length from the house.

"Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring."

But in a few days the road was deemed passable; and he, after proffering Nannie a handsome remuneration for her trouble, which she peremptorily refused, proceeded under the guidance of Bob, to the road leading to Broughshane, which, after much difficulty, they gained. Here the gentleman again requested Bob to accept of some recompence for his trouble, but this he absolutely refused; and after a cordial shake hands, and many thanks on the part of the stranger, they parted.

It is generally known that the leaders of the insurgents in the county of Antrim, in case they were defeated, had appointed the mountain of Slemish,* a high, and conspicuous hill, near the centre of the county of Antrim, as their chief place of rendezvous; and at this place they were to consult what was next to be done.

It happened that a Mr. A. H—y, who had the command of the pikemen, or at least a party of them, at the battle of Antrim, was wounded by a musket-ball in the front of his shoulder, which penetrated so far, that it had to be extracted from the opposite side; with difficulty and peril, he made his way to Slemish; and through some means or other, got shelter, though a perfect stranger, in Nannie Boyd's till his wound would be whole, which it was at the time of the stranger's calling, though he was still unable to use it. Mr. A. H—y happened to be in a neighbour's house, the night already mentioned; and the girl hearing the stranger say that he belonged to the military, she conjectured he was a spy; and so she warned Mr. A. H—y, not to venture into the house till the stranger had left the place, in consequence of which he remained where he was till the gentleman's departure. At this period orders had been issued by the military, who then had the administration of the law, that a paper containing the names of all the family, males and females, should be posted on the outside door of every inhabited house. This was done on Nannie Boyd's; but the stranger either did not, or seemed not, to take any notice of it. He well knew, however, that all the family were not at home; for Nannie had informed

him that she had two other sons, who were tradesmen, and would not be home for some time.

During the summer of that year, one night, when all the family was fast asleep, old Nannie was awakened by the trampling of feet about the house, and a loud and furious knocking at the door, demanding entrance. She rose hastily, and lighted a candle; when she found, to her great dismay, that the whole house was surrounded by a large party of military, foot and horse; she opened the door, (in great trepidation,) as was demanded; and an officer, accompanied by a number of soldiers, entered; but the moment the officer saw her, he ordered the men to retire; and stretching out both his hands to her, asked her how she was?

She drew back, saying, "that she didna think he would hae been sae unkind as to come about her house at that hour o' the night, wi' a parcel of soldiers to frighten her sae; nor did she think she had deserved sic treatment at his hand."

He clasped both her hands, while a tear started in his eye. "No, my good woman, do not think me so base; I knew nothing of the place I was coming to, being conducted by an informer, who told the commanding officer in Ballymena, that he would, for a certain sum, bring us to a house in which was one of the rebel leaders; but it is, perhaps, best, that I was appointed to command the party." So saying, he stepped out, and ordered the men to keep their stations round the house, and let no one escape; adding, that he was acquainted with the people of the house, and would search it himself; which he did very strictly; but there was *one place* that he did not come near, and there lay concealed poor Mr. A. H—y, in trembling expectation of his fate. Finding none but the family, he ordered the men away; and with a hearty shake hands, and warm and fervent prayer from old Nannie for his welfare, he took his leave. Long after the officer left the country, Mr. A. H—y was made a prisoner, and lodged in Carrickfergus gaol; but as no witness appeared against him, he was at length liberated; when he went to Glasgow, and died there only a few years ago. Some years after her son's marriage, Nannie went to reside with her daughter at Raloo, where she died; and is buried in Raloo graveyard, near Larne. Her son, Bob, emigrated to America, and died in 1832. Many years after, when Jack had, by his industry, advanced himself to a higher grade in society, he happened to spend an evening among a number of literary characters and other gentlemen in Belfast; one of whom related, by way of anecdote, some of the principal events above mentioned; Jack viewed him more minutely, and discovered that he was the same person who had lodged with Nannie during the snow storm; and on making himself known, and reminding him of some minute circumstances, it is impossible to describe the kindness and friendship which he experienced from the officer, whose enquiries about Nannie and her family were sincere and affectionate. J. G.

. It affords us great pleasure to comply with the request of a respected correspondent, by inserting the foregoing simple narrative of facts; alike honorable to the character of the officer and the humble individual to whom it refers; and may serve as a set off to some of those tales of cruelty and revenge which, in describing the peasantry of some other portions of our country, we are, in candour, compelled to insert in our journal.—Ed.

A LADY RESTORED TO LIFE.

Eliza, the wife of Sir W. Fanshaw of Woodley-hall, in Gloucestershire, was interred, having, at her own request, a valuable locket, which was her husband's gift, hung upon her breast. The sexton proceeding to the vault at night, stole the jewel; and by the admission of fresh air, restored the lady, who had been only in a trance, and who, with great difficulty, reached Woodley-hall in the dead of the night, to the great alarm of the servants. Sir W. being roused by their cries, found his lady with bleeding feet, and clothed in the winding sheet, stretched upon the hall. She was put into a warm bed, and gave birth to several children after her recovery.

* The two hills, Skirry and Slemish, (the latter of which is sometimes spelt Sleive Mis or Slieve Mois,) mentioned above. The former is a green rocky hill of easy ascent, and has on its top an old church, said to be founded by St. Patrick; and on a stone near it is a hollow, in some respects resembling the impression of a foot, which is said to be that of St. Patrick himself, when he, one day, stepped from Slemish to Skirry—the distance being only about two miles. There is a burying ground at the old church, exclusively for Roman Catholics; and in the ruins of an old vault or tomb, a branch of the O'Neill family still deposit their dead. It was at Skirry and not Slemish, that tradition says St. Patrick kept the flock of Milco. Slemish lies southward of Skirry, on the meeting between Glenwherry parish and that of the Braid.—A writer in a cotemporary publication says Slemish is composed of *greenstone*: I do not know what he exactly means by that term; but one thing I am sure of, is, that it is composed of *basalt*, and of the Floetz Trap formation, and is about 1390 feet above the level of the sea.